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## ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1882.

To be desirous of transmitting a holy influence to posterity is a laudable ambition; but to cherish a passion for posthumous fame is the climax of folly. To feel the force of this latter truth one has but to reflect on these elegant words from the Book of Wisdom: "The memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a guest who tarrieth but one day."

The Christian disciple sits calm and unmoved amidst the disturbances which sometimes threaten a social cataclysm, not solely because of his belief in a general superintending Providence, but chiefly because he is inwardly conscious that his beloved Master takes a personal interest in his well-being. This sweet consciousness springs from the inward voices of his Father in heaven, who says to him, "Fear not thou, for I am with thee;" and of his living Redeemer, who whispers, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me!" Oh, precious assurance! Christ now takes personal care of my interests, similar to that which He took in the prosperity and safety of His disciples when He was on the earth.

The death, in the prime of their powers, of such grand men as our late Bishops, Gilbert and Erasmus Haven, and the eloquent Dr. Guard, is often lamented as untimely. Having accomplished so much, one wonders why they were not permitted to live to old age. But were they not already old?—older, indeed, than most men who have reached their threescore and ten? In the Book of Wisdom these words are written: "Wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unsputted life is old age." Now those noble men, having acquired knowledge of the wisdom contained in human experience, and having put that wisdom into unnumbered acts of Christian work, were truly old, since, as Boyle observes, "Gray hairs consist not in the multitude of years; but, it may be added, in deeds done, in useful ideas garnered, and in purity attained. Hence, counting time by heart-throbs, by ideas gained, by noble deeds performed, and by virtues graciously acquired, our great departed ones did not die young."

"The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." So spoke One who knew whereof He affirmed, and it is as true today as ever. Worldly wisdom displayed by the children of this world is seen everywhere. How wise men are to secure certain objects of this world! Political position, preferment, wealth, honor, fame, pleasure—what wisdom is displayed in obtaining them! Look into the Christian world where objects of vastly more importance are to be sought, and how little wisdom is seen in securing them! Indeed, they are often sought with an indifference and unconcern that the men of this world would despise in carrying out their plans. Here is a lesson for the "children of light." You are called to a great work—to save men. What a work! To save one soul from death is a work the importance of which cannot be estimated in time. How much wisdom is required here! Oh, remember, to "win souls is wise."

The Conference year is passing, and but a few months remain. What have you done, what are you doing, to make the year a great, glorious success? As ministers, have you seen the work of God prospering in all of its departments and interests? Has the church advanced in spiritual life? Have sinners been converted? Have you, in short, had a revival of God's work? If not, why? God is willing, and is doing all He can to secure it. Are you doing all you can for it? Have you faith that such a work may be realized? But the church is cold and inactive. You doubtless have a few earnest, faithful workers. With these, do every duty in the pulpit and out of it; seek the Divine blessing in believing, earnest prayer; and you will not fail. Your faith and patience may be tried for a season, but success will come, and before the next Conference you will see glorious things in the salvation of the people. Oh, for a revival in every charge during the coming winter months!

Hypocrites, like the poisonous fungi, will spring up beneath the shadows of church walls. And like fungi they are not easily rooted out. Even in times when the profession of spiritual religion is unpopular, they make their appearance and reflect discredit on pure religion. The old divines preached to such men with a point and severity scarcely to be tolerated, as to the terms used, in the modern pulpit, as the following paragraph from one of John Bunyan's sermons shows: "O thou, that for by ends dost carry on the hypocrite's profession, because thou wouldst be counted somebody among the children of God, but art an enemy to the things of Christ in thine heart; thou that dost satisfy thyself either with sins or a bare profession of godliness, thy soul will fall into extreme torments and anguish as soon as ever thou dost depart this world, and there thou shalt be weeping and gnashing thy teeth. And besides all this, thou art never to have any ease or remedy; never look for any deliverance; thou shalt die in thy sins, and be tormented as many years as there are stars in the firmament or sands on the seashore; and besides all this, thou must abide it forever." This is plain dealing, truly! Such words, to be effective, need to be uttered not sternly, harshly, combatively, but in the spirit with which Jesus bemoaned the impending fall of Jerusalem. Perhaps none but sharp words will pierce the conscience of a hypocrite, but when employed, they should be heated in the fires of wisdom and tempered in the waters of compassion.

## THANKSGIVING.

It is just as we make it—a holiday, a family day, or a religious day. We do not question the expediency of the two annual public proclamations for a fast and for thanksgiving, although thousands entirely overlook the religious idea embodied in them. Tens of thousands devote every Sabbath of the year to secular pleasures; but the State defends the peace of the day out of respectful reverence for its divine establishment, and to secure the opportunity for those who wish, in quiet, to worship God. So these great State and national festivals are public testimonials to the presence of God in history, and acknowledgments of our dependency and weight of obligation. Thousands appropriate the day for public humiliation, at the opening of the season for seed-sowing, when no man can divine what events may intervene before the harvest hour, to self-examination and prayer, and to a fresh consecration of service to Almighty God, as well as to sincere supplication for the well-being of the land; and thousands hail the day which formally closes the ingathering of the year as a fresh reminder of the Divine mercies, and a call for renewed thankfulness for the blessings that have crowned the passing months.

We trust the old New England family idea will not be lost out of the day. We are far more separated now than formerly. It was not so difficult a matter, in those days as now, for children and children's children to find the dear old country homestead. The family reunion was one of the great and constant features of the day. As the ancient Jews went up to Jerusalem to attend the thanksgiving Feast of Tabernacles, so the scattered branches of the family hastened back to the paternal fireside on this New England Purim. The children of the Atlantic shore are now scattered all over the land. But it is worth all the expense and effort to keep the home fires alive, to renew the family affections, to wake up the echoes afresh in the home of childhood, to unite the broken circle, and to receive anew the tender and devout blessings of the dear parents whose benedictions cannot be long continued. It does both parents and children good to be brought together in these happy gatherings. Oftener formerly than now the fathers and sons would worship again together in the familiar house of God on Thanksgiving morning, while mothers and wives and daughters, like Martha, served in the preparation of the crowded tables at home.

There is occasion enough always for an open and public consideration of our obligations to God. In the saddest period of our nation's history, or of our own individual experiences, we can always find occasion enough for gratitude. It is a very wholesome thing to turn our eyes directly and intently upon this side of our lives. We have acute sensibility enough to our misfortunes. We feel keenly enough a general drought, the effect of injured crops, the loss of property by fraudulent men whom we have trusted, depression in business, political disappointments. We are alive to our personal afflictions, the loss of health, of friends, of members of our family, but it requires some effort to turn the shield around so that its golden face may be made to appear. In the depths of our civil war we were, as a people, better off than any other civilized nation. Amid the temporary scourges which have limited our harvests and the panics which have disturbed our

finances and business, we have never the appalling sufferings which almost every season visit some of our neighbors on the other side of the ocean. With all our personal afflictions, we have enjoyed more bright days than dark. Our blessings far outnumber our disappointments. We should be astonished if we made out a full inventory of our sources of comfort. And, above everything besides, we have the promise and the providence of God, which never fail us.

There is no impropriety in making the day, in the house of God, largely a national day; in considering the condition of the country, its abundant harvests and great prosperity, the evils which threaten it, the call upon all good men to use their best endeavors to remove national wrongs and vices, to awaken hearty patriotism, to call to mind the dangers through which we have passed, and to enumerate the public blessings we enjoy. It is right, also, to glance across the seas, and watch the great steps of a Divine Providence in the movements among the nations. Such a survey can but fill our hearts with thankfulness and with gratitude to God for the peaceful prosperity of our native land. It is not turning the day to an unwise use to consider some special moral reform of the hour, like that (chiefest of all at this moment) of the temperance crusade. Thoughts enough at this hour gather around this theme to fill the period of public service with the most moving arguments.

But, after all, it is the family and the purely religious idea that dominates in the New England festival. Whatever tends to brighten and strengthen these home bonds, to sweeten and sanctify the household relations; whatever will serve to quicken parental duty, or to inspire filial affection; whatever can be said to make the domestic fireside purer, or its atmosphere more powerful to save and to conserve those that surround it, will be eminently appropriate to this day. Especially is it an occasion of sincere and heartfelt thankfulness to God for personal mercies. Whatever the pulpit can say to quicken such an emotion will be a blessing for the year to come. How many divine interpositions we have enjoyed! How numerous the loving-kindnesses from the Father's hand! How patient has the Heavenly Father been with our manners! His home and His heart are wide enough for us all. We are none of us so distant from Him but that we can readily reach Him. He spreads a more bountiful feast than can be found in any of our homes. Some very dear to us will sit nearer to Him at the long table on that day. There is a thin curtain, indeed, between us, but we approach nearer to them as we draw nigh unto the Lord.

Let us not forget the afflicted. The hearts of some are very sore. The curtains are down at their windows. They will not "receive" on that day. God help them! Bear a tender word to them. The Comforter, if invited, will certainly "sup with them." Nor let us forget the portionless. It is more blessed to spread a table for others than to eat ourselves. Let us try the experiment. Give in the general contribution. Give personally, and thus touch the hand of the Master Himself, who will respond and say, "Ye did it unto Me!"

## Y. M. C. ASSOCIATIONS ABROAD.

The young men of Germany are at last being called to the front, in the present crisis of matters both civil and religious. An event of large significance has just transpired in the Fatherland that gives promise of growth and influence for the future.

For a number of years feeble and impractical efforts have been made to contract the work of certain Catholic associations of young men calculated to draw into their ranks the children of Protestant homes, because of the character of the entertainments offered under the guise of religious and literary culture. The thinking men of the country have looked with fear and trembling, but have been unable to decide on any course that seemed likely to prove an antidote to the poison. Their trouble has been a want of method for popular Christian work among young men; and with a view of gathering more light and counsel, the Rhenish Westphalian Association of Young Men called a convention of all minor associations throughout Germany.

These various bodies were wisely called to gather in the famous Teutoburger Forest around the noble national monument erected in honor of Arminius, and dedicated some seven years ago by the present emperor in person. The place was wisely chosen, though in a solitary forest and on a mountain height, because its patriotic memories fired the German heart. Here there gathered from north and south, from east and west, [the dele-

gates from all German lands, including even those from the lately-annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

It was a veritable modern gathering on the mount, where a great tent was raised for the proceedings, and ample arrangements were made to accommodate the guests for several days. Many veterans in the Christian work were present, and some who for nearly half a century had been laboring to the best of their ability, although almost alone, for the cause of the young men. The first debate, led off by Von Ranke of Potsdam, was concerning what is known as the "middle ground" in regard to the management of Young Men's Associations; and it was closed by the unanimous resolution that this "middle ground" on which, in Catholic bodies, theatrical performances and dancing parties have acquired the right of way, could never be sanctioned with safety or profit. The Associations are to be devoted to intelligent Christian culture, and not to worldly amusements. Now, this was a great point gained on the present German soil, where the Christian element has had a poor chance in later years.

"What then?" was the next question; and just here stepped in Rev. Mr. Von Schluembach, the popular general secretary of the German Young Men's Christian Associations in this country, to acquaint them with our methods and guide them into our practical paths. His demonstration was a success, and the Germans listened with surprise to the account of our numerous agents engaged in the work, our palatial edifices devoted to the purpose in large cities, and the material aid afforded to many to find Christian friends and honorable occupations. The active Christian zeal of our American workers was greeted with rounds of applause, and when the speaker bade them go and do likewise if they would insure success, they answered, with a hearty shout, "We will!"

In the discussion many of the speakers dwelt on the fact that their failure had arisen largely from a want of popular methods, and they bade their hearers take an example from the new land beyond the seas that had gone before in so many good and active things.

On the following morning pulpit and altar had been erected at the base of the great monument, while on the steps and pedestal were collected no less than one hundred and fifty trumpeters, who, with clarion blast, called the assembly together and took the place of the organ in accompanying the voices raised in praise. Such well-known names as Christlieb and Krummacher were called, and responded in sermon and address, showing that the Protestant clergy are fully aroused to the necessity of rallying the young men to the Christian work. It is the great sorrow of the Fatherland, just now, that its churches are visited only by women and children, while the men find occupation or entertainment elsewhere on the Sabbath.

This triumphant gathering closed with an assemblage of about eight thousand persons, collected on the slope of the Teutoburger mountain, so that the enthusiastic speakers could not refrain from alluding to the great Sermon on the Mount under the Master's supervision; and they scattered among the multitude many of its golden precepts as seed in good soil. They resolved to establish Associations on the American models wherever possible in cities and towns, and decided to have one general head and a journalistic organ. They were quite emphatic in the necessity of following the young men who are drafted into the army, and giving them testimonial books to the special Associations of the posts where they may be garrisoned, so that they go from post to post among friends who will look after their spiritual interests while away from their homes and from family influence. This great and peculiar convention was dismissed in full hope that the seeds planted would bear good fruit for the youth of the Fatherland, who will henceforth try and rival their brothers in the New World.

## BRIEF MENTION.

All hail, Winthrop Street M. E. Church! The last dollar of her debt has been subscribed! Was there ever a happier Cooper? What a theme for thanksgiving! Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace!

Quite a beautiful little holiday gift, in itself, is the elegantly-illustrated Catalogue of Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co., New York city, giving their list of illustrated, fine art, and juvenile books. Send for a copy.

The voice of Joseph Cook is again heard in the land. He lectured a short time since to an immense audience in San Francisco, and will soon be listened to on some platform in his favorite city.

The article upon our third page, following the Sunday-school lesson, is simply an advertisement, and not a contribution, as at first sight it seems to be. By mistake, the word "advertisement," which should have been inserted over it, was omitted. It stands

simply on its own merits as the announcement of a proprietor.

A careful calculation shows that \$2,000,000 worth of alcoholic drinks is used, each day, in this country—more than enough to pay the national debt in two years.

We are placed under obligations to the librarian of Amherst College for a copy of its Annual Catalogue. This vigorous institution now numbers 352 students in its academic census, and its endowments are generous.

The National Temperance Publishing Society, New York, issues promptly its bright and useful Almanac. In addition to the usual calendar, it is crowded with temperance miscellany.

Rev. J. Bennett, D. D., supplies the pulpit of the *Homiletic Magazine* for November. His subject is, "The Ministry of Charity." The able exposition on the Amendment is continued, and the remaining pages are well filled with homiletic and expository miscellany. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

We receive, through the superintendent of schools of the city of Providence, a copy of the Annual Report of the School Committee. It contains an earnest plea for good homes and the universal education of the children. The extracts from the superintendent's reports show how thoughtfully he addresses himself to his important task.

There is no need of street begging in Boston, and happily there is little of it. The charities of the city, by missions, the associated charities, and special institutions, are widely and wisely distributed. The Boston Provident Association, which has its general office in the Bureau of Charities, makes its thirty-first annual report, showing how judiciously some \$40,000 were scattered among the poor last year. Any money or clothing entrusted with this society will be carefully devoted to those needing it most.

We have never seen a neater catalogue than the circular of Wesleyan Academy for 1882. Its mechanical beauty is due to the unsurpassed work of the Franklin Press—Rand, Avery & Co., the venerable and beloved academy is renewing its age and usefulness. During the last term it has had 231 students—140 gentlemen. It has no superior in its suite of academic buildings, or in the ability of its faculty. Thousands of us remember its halls and vales, if we do not its halls, with unspoken pleasure. Long live Wesleyan Academy, mother of all our schools!

If any of our readers are called to the city of New York, they will be instructed and gratified to visit the "Panorama of the Siege of Paris," on 55th Street and 7th Avenue. It is painted by the same artist who executed the celebrated panoramas in Champs Elysees, Paris. The latter we studied with intense interest, last year. It gives a vivid and correct idea of that culmination and close of the last French Empire, and the crowning retributions of the Napoleons at the hand of the Germans. The visit to the great picture will well repay the expense and time it costs.

Wesleyan Hall and the adjoining Committee Room were crowded last Thursday evening with many standing, at the organization of a "No License Union." John G. Webster, esq., was chosen president, Robert Treat Paine, jr., secretary, Hon. Jacob Sieney, Dr. Miner, Dr. Mallahan, Dr. Meredith and others of our leading ministers and citizens as vice-presidents. Very enthusiastic addresses were made by the president, Dr. Mayor Hyde of Newton, Hon. Rufus Frost, and Dr. Miner. The new defensive league starts off with much vigor. It is an excellent counter-irritant to that of the brewers and whiskey-dealers. It numbers the first men of the State in its ranks, and will gather into its body the whole temperance element of the community.

Some doubt was expressed at the time as to the correctness of the intimations in our paper as to the exhibitions of drunkenness among the students during Commencement anniversaries at Harvard College. The following resolution, offered by President Eliot, and passed by the Board of Overseers, throws light on the subject:—

"Resolved, That in view of the disturbances which occur upon college grounds during commencement week, and the public scandal and evil to the college resulting therefrom, the corporation hold themselves at liberty to revoke the degree of any graduate of the university for participating in such disturbances, provided that he has not held the degree for more than one week."

A. D. F. Randolph & Co., publish in ornamental paper covers a Gellivoy, A Christmas Legend of the North Land, by Josephine Pollard, characteristically illustrated. The pretty poem tells how, when for lack of changing seasons the Northmen lost the date of Christmas, they found it once more.

"And though they weave no holy wreaths With berries bright and gay, With thoughts of love and gratitude, They keep their Christmas day."

The Southwestern Christian Advocate, of which our excellent brother, Rev. L. P. Cushman, is editor, comes out squarely and nobly against caste in all its forms, North or South. He declares that the columns of his paper "shall never be used to whitewash or defend an apologist for the sin of caste." Bravely and well said!

The Wesleyans of England have legalized the work of the evangelist. The late Conference appointed Rev. Thomas Cook to conduct revival meetings under the supervision of the President. He is a well-trained, modest, earnest and devoted young minister. His services are spoken of as very effective. At the close of his sermons large numbers of seekers retire into the vestries, and at the close of the service the brethren who have submitted their hearts to Christ back to the altar of the church and gives them tender and wise counsel. We can see how such an agency could be made particularly useful in our Conference work.

The Wesleyan alumni of Boston and vicinity will have their annual gathering in the large and beautiful parlors of the Vendome, on Thursday evening, the 14th of December. The officers for the year have taken the precaution to write and secure, in advance, pledges to be present, and are sure of a large company. The ladies are not invited this year. Ample provisions will be made for the literary entertainment of the hour, and the younger as well as older graduates will be represented. We hope special effort will be made to be present on the occasion, and to receive one of the old-fashioned gatherings of the club, full of college loyalty and good cheer. All information as to details will be sent out in a circular addressed to all accessible graduates.

The Harpers issue quite an original Christmas publication. It is of a royal quarto size, in elegantly-designed paper covers, entitled "Harpers Christmas Pictures and Papers," done by the Title Club and its Literary Friends. A number of the pictures are full-page and very well designed and executed, especially "Christmas Time in New England." The paper is rich, the stories appropriate, and the whole a very pretty affair. It is accompanied by a large picture by Vedder—Sampson between the pillars, with his hair grown and his strength returned, just offering his memorable final prayer. It is a design to be studied. The whole is sold for 75 cents.

The brave ladies of the M. E. Church, Winthrop St., open a fair on Dec. 8, at the church, to continue through the 8th. This is to aid them in meeting the obligations they have assumed. Let us all help them.

Don't forget the lecture of Dr. Vincent, at Tremont St. M. E. Church, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6. Buy your ticket early, so as not to be disappointed. Dr. McCabe is also to be present and take part in the exercises.

The Social Union had a very entertaining and profitable session, Monday evening, Nov. 20. A large number were present. Rev. E. H. Hor, the new pastor of Walnut St. Church, Chelsea, introduced himself very happily in a graceful short speech. Mr. Whitehead, the temperance singer from Manchester, England, contributed a hearty song to the exercises of the evening. The special feature of the occasion was the eloquent and instructive address of Dr. Butler. His subject was the late revolution in Mexico. It embodied a comprehensive sketch of the history of "our next-door neighbor" from the times of Cortez to the present day, with a full description of the efforts of the Pope and Louis Napoleon to place Maximilian upon her throne, and the final failure of the scheme and the triumph of the Republic. His climactic sentences constantly awakened the heartiest applause. It was a rich and rare treat. Happy is the audience which secures its repetition.

Rev. Abner P. Hillman, of the Maine Conference, uncle of Rev. J. R. Day, with whom he has been living of late, died very suddenly, two weeks since, in Concord, Mass. His death was occasioned by some affection of the heart. He joined the Conference in 1830. He has been for many years on the superannuated list. In his prime he was a faithful, earnest preacher and much beloved in his pastoral work. His end was sudden, but safe.

The leading editorial in *The Critic*, of New York, of Nov. 18, is a very sensible and practical consideration of the question of "Pulpit Oratory." It is a good thing to hear the opinion of laymen on such a theme, especially if the criticism is friendly. The other pages of this excellent periodical are filled with discriminating reviews and criticisms of the current literature. The work is \$2 a year, and \$1.50 to clergymen and teachers. 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Help those who are trying to help themselves! How many, by their earnest efforts, patient endurance, and self-denying zeal are trying to do good, to advance the good cause, save or build up some important interest of the church, and yet are doing it under great difficulties, trials, discouragements. Help them! If you cannot aid them pecuniarily, cheer and encourage them by kind, loving words. Help them! You would not wish to do what they are doing. They need your sympathy, prayers, and pecuniary aid. Help them!

Education for the last two months in 1882 has for its frontispiece a fine engraved portrait of Dr. Eben Tourjee. It has a full programme of valuable papers—"The True Order of Studies in Primary Instruction," by Z. Richards, A. M.; "Christianity, not Intellect, Imperial!," "The Study of History;" "The University Reports of Committees of National Council of Education" (able, practical and valuable); "Bearing of Froebel's Works;" "Self-Consciousness in Education;" and "Technical Education of Women." The editor gives a fine sketch of Dr. Tourjee. This is a periodical that teachers cannot afford to do without.

With its December number the *Art Amateur* commences its eighth volume. It is a holiday number in the richness of its illustrations and the ability of its papers. It opens with eight full-page designs. Its longest contribution is a sketch, with illustrations, of Hubert Herkimer, the artist. Its decorative departments are as full as usual, and its editorial notes fresh and critical. Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York.

The most exquisite device for Christmas gifts has been discovered by Lee & Shepard. They have heretofore published eight charming illustrated poems and hymns, which we have severally noticed. This year the whole circle of them, nappily termed the "Golden Floral," is issued in a new form. Each volume has for its cover two elegant Christmas cards, one harmonizing in its design with the poem, and the edges of each cover ornamented with a heavy silver fringe. This gives a permanent value to the Christmas card and makes a souvenir for any season or event. They are sold singly or together in a neat box. The designs are by Miss Humphrey, and the engraving by Andrew. The whole execution is in the finest taste, and forms a unique, comparatively cheap, and very appropriate gift for the season.

We have received a very vigorous address, made by O. J. Hollister, esq., at Provo, Utah Territory, showing the absolute incompatibility between the teachings of Mormonism and a free Christian republic.

He declares at the close that the present polygamic theocracy continues in the Territory for any length of time. "It may not be willing," he says, "to step down and under legal or moral pressure, but if it does not, it has got to do so some day, in some way." We shall print a thoughtful paper week.

The *Christian Advocate* of Nov. 23, contains a very vigorous article from Rev. L. J. Lansing, upon "Caste in the Methodist Church," which will awaken thought and action in the church. He seeks to show that the course of Mr. King in publicly shutting out colored men from a Methodist church at the South is a repudiation of that which is in accordance with the spirit of all our Southern white work, both religious and educational; and that it is also in harmony with the action of General Conference in the division of annual Conferences on the color line. Dr. Buckley, in an editorial, after commending the article of Mr. Lansing to thoughtful consideration, defends the General Conference of 1876 from the allegation of the article. We are confident, however, that the church will fully relieve itself from everything that has even an equivocal color in reference to this important Christian principle.

Another very notable personage drops out of the higher New York circles. The venerable Thurlow Weed, after a short acute illness, at the advanced age of eighty-six years, peacefully breathes his last surrounded by his family. Without holding office himself, he has had more influence in placing men in State and national offices than any citizen of the land. A veteran political editor in Albany, New York, he kept a firm grasp upon his party, first the Whig and then the Republican, and his voice was always potent in its counsels. He was long associated with Gov. Seward and Horace Greeley in managing the politics of New York, and also the national policy. To the last, in his later home in New York city, he has continued his interest in the party struggles. He was a man of strong native powers, with the courage of his convictions, and, withal, an honorable man and a true patriot. His daily labors took on the simplicity of a former day, and he preserved a childlike trust in revealed religion, repeating, as the last act every night before closing

his eyes to sleep, the Lord's prayer. He was generous and kind-hearted, tenderly beloved by a large family circle. He leaves an embellished reputation behind him.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. send out their November bulletin with a very large and attractive list of books for the season and prepared for the present holidays is a magnificent edition of Longfellow's pathetic story of "Evangeline," illustrated with sixteen full-page designs by Darley. The volume is printed on a royal quarto page, on thick paper, in large and beautiful type, and is bound in imitation alligator's skin. It is a unique volume everywhere. The tale will never lose its fascination. Its beauty, its touch to nature, its touching pathos, give it a perennial interest. The artist has entered fully into the spirit, and truly and tenderly interpreted it. The whole volume is a rare specimen of American art, and will not fail of ample appreciation. Price \$10.

We have heretofore noticed the charming edition of the poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the illustrations designed by the artist and Clay Clark of Boston. The mechanical execution of the work is worthy of the Riverside Press, from which it issues, and its unsurpassed print and binding. Rarely is a fine picture placed in a more appropriate frame. The poet has nothing to ask further for the outward setting of his intellectual gems. Price \$6.

The Yellowstone and the Longfellow and the Emerson—forming a tasteful and cheap gifts of friendship. \$1.

The same firm has also handsomely published editions of the modern poets, a fine series for young people of biographies of American statesmen and men of letters, and a very large list of standard authors in every department of literature. They will be happy to send catalogues to any address.

Estes & Lauriat send out in their annual catalogue a descriptive list of very attractive fresh volumes for holiday gifts and for general reading. We have already spoken of the very lively volume of Miss Champney, entitled "Three Vassar Girls Abroad." It is irresistible in its humor, as well as apt in its description of a very pleasant European tour. They also publish, to the great delight of young readers, a fresh "Zigzag" volume from the pen of that very successful writer for young people, Hezekiah Butterworth. In former years the journeys have been in the East and in Europe. The three present volumes have no superior in their class, in abundance of illustrations, valuable information presented in a very attractive form, and genuine humor. This year we have "Zigzag Journeys in the Occident." The "club" starts from Boston, and passes through the new wheat and mining States of the West, giving lively accounts of Indian adventures and the strange natural scenery of the Yellowstone and Yosemite. It visits the Mormon people of Utah and continues its trip to the Golden Gate on the Pacific. The pictures are profuse and fine, designed by leading artists. The book will be a special attraction to lads during the holidays. \$1.75, in ornamental boards.

A particularly nice book is "The Wonderful City of Tokio, Japan; Further Adventures of the Jewett Family and their Friend, Oo Nambo," by Edwards Greely. Last year the same writer prepared a somewhat similar volume, which was very popular, entitled "Young Americans in Japan." The present is of the same character and equally entertaining and instructive. The illustrations are very rich, many of them quaint enough, from the designs of a Japanese artist. The author was long a resident in the country, and he relates with all the vivaciousity of one who sees what he describes, the curious daily incidents, the customs and conversations, the strange manners and modes of business of this people, who have become within the last years our next-door neighbors on the West. It is one of the best, as well as most attractive, of juvenile books, and will bring a world of sunshine into the home by its perusal.

These enterprising publishers have "The Knockabout Club Alongshore." These latter books are all quartos, with richly-ornamented covers, within and without. This volume is by C. A. Stephens, and in this finely-illustrated book he recounts the adventures of a party of young men on a trip from Boston to the Arctic Seas. He calls this steamer trip "the green of the future." It will be an institution, certainly! And many young men will greet the book. The incidents of the voyage and the adventures in the northern seas are related with great vivacity, and are also graphically pictured by the artist. The volume is a capital one every way. Price \$1.50.

In addition, Estes & Lauriat have fine and cheap editions of the standard authors, in poetry and prose, with a new series of illustrated works, with a large stock of general literature and juvenile books. Send for a catalogue, or visit their crowded store on Washington Street, opposite the Old South.

## PEOPLE'S CHURCH BAZAR.

If adversity is the test of prosperity, the People's Church ought to be a prosperous structure within and without. After a struggle to get the money needed to enclose its main building, the Pacific Bank brought its clenched fists together, with fifteen hundred dollars of our money in them, and there it stands with its fists in its pockets, which are known to have awful holes in them. Then, next, "the winds of night" their force combined and scattered a part of our unfinished roof over the building, crushing the wall and galleries, doubtless knowing that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." But even so, we had opportunity to pray, and between meat time to toll away, until we have about re-gathered our money and repaired the breaches in the wall. The building is now nearly finished as far as we contracted, but we must have the doors and windows and floors. Toward this our young people and ladies have a bazar, without any of the ostentatious features of a fair, simply to turn into money the work of their hands and the gifts of their friends. To Methodist preachers and their wives, under God, we owe more for our success than to ourselves, and we know no other principle upon which still to proceed than, to whom we have committed much, of them to ask more. Can't you, brethren and sisters, ask some of your good people to make and send some of our own tables, such as sheers, pillow-cases, fancy articles, etc.? But stockings ought not to be chosen, and we will gladly take books, old or new, apples, potatoes, pumpkins, or plenty of anything. Please remember and send us in time for the week beginning Monday, Dec. 4, and ending Saturday, Dec. 9.

J. W. HAMILTON.

METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The monthly meeting of the Methodist Historical Society was held in the Committee Room, Wesleyan Building, Nov. 20, Rev. R. Thayer, D. D., in the chair. The secretary, Rev. Geo. Whitaker, A. M., being necessarily absent, his report was read by the librarian, Willard S. Allen, esq., reported that a number of books and large number of pamphlets had been received during the month, some of which were of

rare interest. The  
Dorchester, D. D.,  
of Rev. Alfred Bruns  
Chen, Wis., who was  
ty. Dr. Bruns was  
markable men of the  
Methodism. Rev. Hol  
ministerial labors  
presented some of the  
of his character, a  
great interest. The  
Rev. R. W. Allen,  
ing persons had acc  
Society during the  
ship. Rev. Hol  
Jermiah Carlton  
Charles W. Morse  
Kellivan Holman  
Geo. Sutherland,  
sponsoring member  
worth, D. D., Sam  
membership, Mr. S  
Boston. Rev. J. B.  
Mass., read a thro  
the early history of  
town, Mass., which  
great value taken  
town. The paper  
and made a deep im  
The venerable Rev.  
idence, who was st  
in 1834 and 1835,  
Thomas, of the Pub  
secretary of the  
Historical Society,  
remarks. The meet  
the Committee Room







## The Family.

### LATE BLOOMS.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

The glory of the summer morn  
Lies hidden 'neath the chilling mist;  
Dead roses hang upon their stalks,  
Which yesterday the sunbeams kissed.  
Long shadows creep athwart the grass,  
Deep blue is changed to gray o'erhead,  
In frozen letters, one by one,  
The stricken flowers lie faded, dead.

Yet still amid the waning light  
Peeps forth some pale-bloomed, later bloom,  
White-fringed chrysanthemums look on,  
Soft gleaming 'neath the gathering gloom.  
Love sends some message sweet to cheer  
The stern-cold winter, cold and dead,  
Hope springs afresh within the heart,  
When one bright sunbeam smiles o'erhead.

Youth lets the summer morn flit by,  
Looks on afar with restless heart,  
To see life's shadows cloud the sun,  
And watch the burdened day depart.  
Red roses fade; the early blue  
Falls chill and pale o'er love's dark tomb;  
We pray for peace, and weeping ask,  
Will God accept our later bloom.

Better the dawning of the dew,  
The pearl-bead lies upon the grass,  
The wealth of roses blooming sweet,  
Through which the steps of childhood pass;  
After offering youth's bright morn,  
Than evening's hour of closing gloom,  
Yet does our gracious Lord accept  
Faith's offering of a later bloom.

### IN CONCORD TOWN.

BY M. NEALL.

This pleasant place has much the  
air of a country matron in fresh  
attire sitting down in the afternoon  
of life, ready to entertain and chat  
with the numerous visitors ever attracted  
by her ample hospitality and charm-  
ing surroundings. If one delights in  
historic associations and revolution-  
ary relics, they should come here.  
The whole town, from east to west  
and from south to north, is full of in-  
teresting memorabilia. In addition,  
its strong literary affiliations create for  
it a double charm. It is no matter  
of wonder why so many of its sons  
and daughters return with their hon-  
ors and wealth, and lavish munificent  
gifts to increase the natural beauty  
of their native place. Even the smallest  
houses have trimly-kept lawns in  
front of them and some attempt at  
decoration, if only a painted roof.  
An influence of thrift and prosperity  
is everywhere perceived and com-  
mented on by strangers, especially by  
English tourists, who say the differ-  
ence between this and their suburban  
towns is very great in this respect.

There is a unique institution here,  
managed by judicious ladies, who  
have charge of what is termed the  
"Silent Poor Fund," which aims to  
do good and render aid in a quiet  
way, with the object ever in view of  
making its recipients self-helpful and  
supporting. They are so successful  
that the almshouse seldom has more  
than two or three occupants—a fact  
which speaks well for the executive  
ability of women.

It is a shady and lovely drive  
through the New Hill burying-  
ground, then across an open space  
and into the winding walks of Sleepy  
Hollow. Soon the horse begins to  
climb Ridge Hill path—the highest  
eminence—as if used to the ascent  
(as it probably is, being a Concord  
horse accustomed to carrying visit-  
ors), and stops quietly on the sum-  
mit; and here under lofty, spreading  
pines, covered with beautiful fresh  
flowers, is where all that is mortal of  
Emerson reposes beside the graves of  
kindred. The sweet influences of na-  
ture are all around us, and the philo-  
sopher's words ring within us like a  
true interpreter: "Through all its  
kingdom nature is faithful to the  
cause whence it had its origin. It  
always speaks of spirit. It is a per-  
petual effect. It is a great shadow  
pointing to the sun behind us." We  
think, too, of how he said that he  
was a better believer in immortality  
than he could give grounds for, and  
that a man of thought was more will-  
ing to die than a man of affairs.

A little farther on, and we stop by  
the low hedge of arbor vitae where  
seventeen years ago the grave for  
Hawthorne was made. It is now  
thickly covered with myrtle, sprays  
of which are continually being car-  
ried away as relics. A little grand-  
child died and is buried near, its rest-  
ing-place oddly marked by stones in  
the form of a Greek cross.

A few steps away, and we read  
"Thoreau" on a plain, reddish  
stone among others, for now none of  
the family remain and the house that  
once knew them is the home of the  
Alcotts. They, too, from being a  
most united family, have commenced  
that sad parting of the ways that  
comes to friends on earth. Thoreau  
has told us about this vicinity as no  
one else ever will. Annarsen, Pon-  
kawsasset, Strawberry Hill, Ball's  
Hill, Conantum Cliff and Tu-  
pelo, the distant Lincoln hills, the  
Corner road, the fog on the lowlands,  
Walden Pond and Concord river—  
he described them over and over;

and the trees—the white pines and  
pitch pines, yellow birches, green  
oaks and maples. Even the Roman  
wormwood that we crush to follow  
dust beneath our feet, reminds us of  
his words. He had appreciation for  
the humblest weed, and said that he  
was busy as a bee in extracting honey  
from the flower of the world.

How often in their lifetime have  
these three men been misrepresented  
and misunderstood! Their vagaries  
excited ridicule, and even doubts as  
to their complete sanity, but they lit  
and held a torch that continues to  
burn and give light long after it had  
passed from out their fallen hands.  
One may find in old reading-books  
used in former schools selections  
from Longfellow, Bryant, Halleck,  
Poe, Dana, John Neal, Mrs. Sigour-  
ney, Mrs. Hale, Quincy, Adams,  
Everett, Irving, Holmes, Silliman,  
Sprague, Webster, Mann, Beecher,  
Whittier, Willis, Bancroft, Lowell,  
and not one sparkle from these glow-  
ing geniuses. Their time and popu-  
larity came later, when people be-  
came educated up to their standard.  
Carlyle and Emerson each introduced  
the other to audiences in their own  
land, and each first found apprecia-  
tion abroad. Carlyle's intimation to  
his countrymen, that although his  
friend's works were very fine, he was  
afraid they were not capable of un-  
derstanding them, was the best ad-  
vertisement they could possibly have.

They were in great demand after  
that.

Emerson's house is as he described  
it—a plain, unpretending farm-  
house on the outskirts of the town,  
on the road to Lincoln, and with tall  
pine trees before it. We drive down  
the Lexington road past the shady  
retreat of Mr. Bull, famous for pro-  
ducing the original Concord grape,  
and here more than half a mile from  
the village is Hillside Chapel, where  
the Summer School of Philosophy is  
held, and the Orchard House where  
"Little Women" was written, and  
where Prof. Harris now lives, who  
is delivering in Boston this fall and  
winter his lectures upon the "Phi-  
losophy and History of Education."

Very near, too, is "Wayside," the  
home of the Hawthornes, and now of  
the Lathrops. On the crest of the  
hill back of the house, brushing by  
the sweet fern bushes, Hawthorne  
used to walk, with his wonderful  
eyes noting the length of the shadows  
on the fertile lowlands, a character-  
istic of Concord scenery that he used  
to point out to his friend Channing.

Here, too, is the tower he built to  
shut himself away from an intrusive  
world. The chapel is small and un-  
adorned save by its Gothic gables  
and grapevine over the door. It is  
close to the Orchard House, and  
there is a story that when Miss Al-  
cott lived here she called the place,  
in her lively way, "Apple Slump."

Of the century-old houses (and  
perhaps there is a score of them scat-  
tered here and there) the most historic  
and interesting, of course, is the "Old  
Manse," that is reached by a drive-  
way from the road through a noble  
avenue of trees. The descendants of  
the original owners live here. It  
has been occupied at different times  
by Hawthorne and Emerson, and  
some of their best work was done  
here. It is near the scene of the  
Concord fight—the North Bridge—the  
monument on one side with the  
simply marked grave of the British  
soldiers, and on the other the life-like  
sculpture of the "minute man," with  
Emerson's ringing lines on the granite  
base. Mr. French's studio is in  
this town, and other specimens of  
his skill, if not exceeding this, are  
well-executed studies, many of them  
from life.

So ancient a place as this must  
certainly possess a veritable curiosity  
shop, we thought, and sure enough,  
we found relics over three hundred  
years old, many very curious and in-  
teresting.

The Unitarian Church, organized  
in 1636, is now presided over by a  
descendant of its first pastor. We  
were entertained by another, a lady  
full of intelligent reminiscences of  
the past. Her great grandfather was  
one of the heroes of the fight—Col.  
Barrett—and she recounted stories  
of his bravery and how his wife had  
barely time to hide some of the sup-  
plies concealed in the house when  
surprised by the suspicious British  
soldiers, ingeniously disposing of  
some bullets by dropping them into  
a barrel of feathers, and by her cool-  
ness and tact preventing the burning  
of the house as they attempted to fire  
it. We were shown many relics and  
memorials of those exciting days, but  
it would require a long chapter to  
describe the ancient interiors with  
the quaint furnishings of some of  
these historic houses. Two old tav-  
erns look across the way at each  
other. On the chimney of one is the  
date 1717; and in the old Hill bury-  
ing-ground we found some as far back  
as 1693. One of the sons of Concord

presented it with an imposing struc-  
ture for a Public Library, in which  
are some good copies of fine engrav-  
ings and paintings. The organiza-  
tion first formed for the circulation of  
books was in 1786, and there is a  
Social Club that has been in exist-  
ence a hundred years.

The people here have the spirit of  
the West in their love and pride of  
home. They are satisfied; and,  
truly, in their condition and sur-  
roundings there is much with which  
to be satisfied.

### FOR A WARNING.

I can tell just how it happened, though it's  
fifty years ago,  
And I sometimes think it's curious that I  
can remember so  
For though things that lately happened slip  
my mind and fade away,  
I am sure that I shall never lose the mem-  
ory of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he  
wrote us in the fall;  
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his fa-  
vorite of them all.  
We'd been keeping house since April, but I  
couldn't always tell  
When my dear-crust would be flaky, or the  
poultry roasted well;  
So I felt a little worried—'if the truth must  
be told—  
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming at  
our household guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode  
one day to town,  
As I needed things for cooking—flour, and  
sugar, white and brown;  
And I work'd like any beaver all the time  
he was away.  
We'd been keeping house since April, but I  
couldn't always tell  
When my dear-crust would be flaky, or the  
poultry roasted well;  
So I felt a little worried—'if the truth must  
be told—  
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming at  
our household guest.

"Here's the flour, Lucinda," said he; "it's  
the best there is in town;  
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought  
enough of it."  
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the  
tears began to fall;  
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it  
after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I  
thought he ought to know;  
But he turned as white as marble when he  
heard me speaking so.  
Not a word he said in answer, but he started  
for the door,  
And in less than half a minute galloped  
down the road once more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with  
grief and fear and shame;  
He was good and kind and patient; I was  
all the more to blame.  
And the hours wore on till midnight, and  
my heart seemed turned to stone.  
As I listened for his coming while I sat  
there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbor. "Ezra  
has been here," he said;  
"Found him on the road unconscious; taken  
up at first for dead."  
Just behind him came four others, with a  
burden slowly brought;  
As I stood and dumbly watched them you  
can guess of all I thought!

Oh, the days and nights that followed!  
Ezra lived, but that was all;  
And with tearful eyes I waited for the worst  
that might befall.  
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken  
phrases now and then  
Dropped from his lips, and told me  
what his painful thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job  
came early, shocked to meet  
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride  
he hoped to greet;  
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed  
and shadowed room.  
Where we waited for the twilight darkening  
down to doleful gloom;  
For the doctor said that morning, "There  
is nothing more to do;  
If he lives till sunset, I, perhaps, can  
pull him through."

Just as five o'clock was striking, Ezra woke  
and feebly stirred;  
"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were his  
words, faintly and slow;  
"How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt  
to hear him speak,  
Or to see his look of wonder as I bent  
to kiss his cheek."

Well, I've told a long story—Ezra's  
coming up the walk—  
But I've had a purpose in it; 'twasn't just  
for idle talk.  
Don't you think, my dear, you'd better  
make your quarrel up with Gray?  
It may save a world of trouble, and it's  
near Thanksgiving Day.

CAROLINE B. LEWIS, in *Christian Union*.

### The Little Folks.

BY ELEANOR B. DEANE.

"O mama, here is Uncle John's  
wagon at the gate, and Tomson is tak-  
ing out a basket!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Eaden, "and it is  
grandmama's basket, too. Can't you  
guess what is in it?"

The two little girls ran before their  
mother as Tomson went into the kitchen,  
and met him at the outer door. He  
was as smiling as he set the basket on  
the table, for he had seen it packed, and  
knew the young people were to have a  
treat; but he told no tales, and was off  
again in the wagon in a couple of min-  
utes.

Katie and Emmie had come to see the  
fun by this time, and when mama re-  
moved the towel and revealed a beauti-  
ful lot of mince pies, Emmie exclaimed,  
"Oh, grandmama has sent us our Thank-  
sgiving pies! How nice!"

"I knew she was going to," said  
Katie, "for she was making them yester-  
day when I was there."

The saucer-pies for the children were  
in the top of the basket, and below them  
were two large ones in plates for the  
elders. Aunt Mary looked in from the  
dining-room just as Mrs. Eaden lifted  
out these last, and she said, "Mother  
has remembered us, as usual."

Frank at the same moment appeared,  
entering by the garden door. He came  
with a rush of interrogations and ex-  
clamations: "What's going on? Ha!  
Pies! Mince pies! From grandmama?  
Why, what day is this? Ah! to-mor-  
row is Thanksgiving! Which pie is  
mine? I shall walk right into it, if  
you please, mother."

And with no more ceremony than that of arming  
himself with a knife, he made a bold at-  
tack on his pie, and in less than half a  
minute had a quarter of it in his hand,  
and was trying its quality with great  
satisfaction.

Mama waited to know the children's  
wishes before disposing of the pies. Katie  
said she knew they were good, for  
she had tasted one the day before; so  
she would wait till she wanted it

before she ate hers. Emmie said if  
Frank was not going to eat all his, then  
she would like one piece, and he should  
have as much of hers when she cut it.  
Fannie chose to keep hers to eat with  
cousin Mabel, who was coming after  
Thanksgiving. Bessie was for eating  
the whole of hers then and there, but  
consented to have half of it set away.

Mrs. Eaden was beginning to put the  
pies into the closet, when Aunt Mary  
said, "I think I'll send my pie to poor  
Miss Bennett. She's all alone, and very  
likely has nothing nicer than usual for  
Thanksgiving."

"That's so," said Frank; "I'll carry  
it right down to her, Aunt Mary, if you  
like." And as soon as it was made  
ready, he started away.

The distance was not great, and he  
soon reappeared with a small boy, who,  
when he looked into the kitchen, de-  
clined to come farther than the step, but  
stood, in shy expectation, till Frank  
took him the last piece of pie remaining  
in his saucer. He received it, and with  
a smile for a "thank you," went off the  
step and stood in the path while he ate it.

"Those are staving good pies! Grand-  
mama knows how to make them, don't  
she, mother?"

"Better than any one else, I always  
thought."

"Did she make saucer-pies for you,  
mama, when you were a little girl?"

"Always, for each one of the family,  
ever since I can remember, and there  
were ten of us."

"Ten! Oh, what a lot of little pies!  
Are we all going to grandpapa's to-mor-  
row?"

"Of course we are," said Katie;  
"and, Frank, we must take our baskets,  
for Lizzie and Bert have agreed to go  
into the woods with us."

"That'll be jolly. I hope the weath-  
er will keep just as it is now."

So they talked on, often during the  
day speaking of the gathering at grand-  
papa's.

Early in the morning Aunt Mary and  
Mrs. Eaden were busy about the house  
assisting the little people to dress, and  
making the fires safe for leaving.

Katie and Frank set off as soon as they  
were dressed. Then Aunt Mary took  
Emmie, and mama soon followed with  
Fannie and Bess.

The morning was one of November's  
mildest, and the party were in the best  
of spirits. For some distance the road lay  
along the river-side and a soft mist was  
hovering over the water. The little  
girls were pleased with everything, and  
especially pleased to have mama walk-  
ing out with them in the early morning.

They were less than a half hour in  
reaching grandpapa's house, and grand-  
papa himself met them at the door with  
the kindest welcome. Once within, they  
found in the rooms and halls all the  
aunts, uncles and cousins that were not  
down in the kitchen where grandmama  
and her numerous helpers were preparing  
breakfast. There were handshakes and  
affectionate greetings all round, and  
a general activity everywhere; and  
there was much talk; but all subsided  
when grandmama came up stairs, and  
grandpapa took the Bible from the  
stand and seated himself in his old-fash-  
ioned chair near the corner. It was the  
signal for family prayers, and none of  
the party who had been under the pa-  
rental roof would willingly have been  
absent from that exercise. Grandpapa's  
reading of the Bible was such as to  
draw attention to the subject, it was so  
easy, so natural in tone, so expressive  
of the sense; and his praying was an  
evident expression of his thankfulness  
and love to a Father and Redeemer.

Prayers over, breakfast was soon  
ready, and the descent to the breakfas-  
ter's room was made with alacrity, for  
the morning walk had given a fresh ap-  
petite for the rare breakfast. Be sure  
nobody was wanting at that table, nor could  
the cooking have been improved; and, be-  
side, it was a very social meal.

After breakfast Katie and Frank, one  
of the cousins, and two of their play-  
mates from the next house, strayed  
away into the grove that covered a ris-  
ing ground at the back of the garden.  
The other children disposed themselves  
variously—some with books, some in  
doing small services for grandmama, and  
some in exploring the attic. This last  
was the favorite resort of the Eaden  
children, for there was the swing, and  
the new furniture of the top story, con-  
sisting of chests and trunks, old desks  
and chairs, an old clock, and other in-  
teresting, if not beautiful, curiosities.  
Better than all else, there was a baby-  
house in an old bookcase. Grand-  
mama, a long time before, had cleared  
the lower shelves of books and given  
the use of them to the little girls.  
Mama astonished them, when she was  
invited up to see that residence of dolls  
and ragdolls, by saying, "Yes, it is  
very nice; I thought I had the most  
beautiful baby-house in the world when  
your grandmother allowed these very  
same shelves to me."

At church time Fannie thought she  
would go with mama. It seemed so  
wonderful to see grandpapa and so  
many tall sons, her uncles, and one or  
two aunts, all going to church when it  
wasn't Sunday, that she thought it  
must be much better than the usual  
service.

The strollers from the woods came  
home just in time to meet the church-  
goers, and grandpapa and Mrs. Eaden  
looked over the baskets of woodland  
treasures with great interest. There  
were pine cones and acorn-cups which  
Katie said would be beautiful for frames  
and other ornaments; and there were  
lichens, mosses, fungi, scarlet berries  
and evergreens. The little girls came  
to look at the little brown and red cup-  
moss, and were delighted when mama  
called them "fair cups."

The call to dinner interrupted the  
naturalists, and the dinner itself was  
too great a subject to be soon disposed  
of. It was the great demonstration of  
the day. The young people were served  
at a table a little apart from the elders,  
and enjoyed having affairs conducted by  
Katie and Cousin Rob.

After dinner were games, in which

all the company joined. That was the  
part the children most enjoyed, because  
it was so funny to see grandpapa and  
grandmama and the tall uncles and  
elderly aunts playing with the young  
people.

At sunset mama and the youngest  
two went home in a coach. Katie,  
Frank and Emmie were to come with  
Aunt Mary after the late tea. It was  
Emmie's first evening out, and she went  
home delighted with the pleasant ex-  
perience. Mama was telling home-stories  
to the little girls when the others came  
in, and as they entered Frank heard  
Fannie say,

"Mama, when you are old I hope you  
will be such a nice little old lady as  
grandmama." And he said, "Yes; and I  
believe grandpapa is the best man in the  
world. Did you notice that he went out  
just about the time we went into the  
grove? Well, he went away through the  
woods to carry a chicken to an old man  
who lives in a poor place a mile away.  
And this evening a boy and girl whom  
he spoke to in the morning came to get a  
pail of broken food he had asked grand-  
mama to put up for them—real good  
things, turkey and pie and biscuit."

"Grandpapa never forgets the poor,"  
said Mrs. Eaden.

### THANKSGIVING EVE.

Hand in hand through the city streets,  
As the chilly November twilight fell,  
Two children figures walk up and down—  
The little black Teddie and sister Nell.

With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,  
Where dazzling lights from the windows  
shine  
On golden products from farm and field,  
And luscious fruits from every clime.

"O Teddie!" said Nell, "let's play for to-  
night.  
These things are ours, and let's suppose  
We can choose whatever we want to eat.  
It might come true, perhaps—what  
knows?"

Two pinched little faces press the pane,  
And eagerly peer for the morrow's feast  
Of dainties their lips will never touch.  
Forgetting their hunger while at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet,  
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and  
said,  
"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."  
"Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped  
To a furrier's shop, ablaze with light,  
In whose fancied warmth they place their  
hands.

And their scanty garments are changed  
For softer fur from far-off lands.  
"A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!" cried  
Nell,  
"These make-believe things seem almost  
I've 'most forgot how hungry I was,  
and Teddie, I'm 'most warm, aren't  
you?"

O happy hearts that rejoice to-day,  
In all the bounty the season brings,  
Have pity on those who vainly strive  
To be warmed and fed with imaginings!  
—*Congregationalist*.

### THANKSGIVING.

He was a bouncing big turkey, and  
they had hung him by the heels, so that  
his nose almost touched the walk just  
outside the butcher's shop. A little  
girl was standing there watching it.  
You could see that she was a hungry  
little girl, and worse than that, she was  
cold, too, for her shawl had to do for  
stair and almost everything else. No  
one was looking, and so she put out a  
little red hand and gave the great tur-  
key a push, and he swung back and  
forth, almost making the great iron  
hook creak, he was so heavy.

"What a splendid big turkey!"  
The poor little girl turned round, and  
there was another little girl looking at  
the turkey too. She was out walking  
with her dolls, and had on a cloak with  
real fur all around the edges, and she  
had a real muff, white, with little black  
spots all over it.

"Good morning, Miss," said the  
butcherman. You see he knew the little  
girl with the muff perfectly well.  
"That's a big turkey, Mr. Martin."

"Yes," said the poor little girl timid-  
ly, "he's the biggest I ever saw in my  
life. He must be splendid to eat."

"Pooh!" said the little girl with the  
muff, "he isn't any bigger than the one  
my papa brought home for Thanksgiv-  
ing to-morrow, I know."

"Oh, could I have a leg if I came for it  
to-morrow?" asked the poor little girl,  
sofly.

"What, haven't you a whole turkey?"  
"Never had one in my life," said the  
poor little girl.

"Then you shall have this one," said  
the little lady with the muff. "Mr.  
Martin, I've got some money in my  
savings bank at home, and my papa  
said I could do just as I wanted to with  
it, and I'm going to buy the turkey for  
this little girl."

The poor little girl's eyes grew so  
very large you wouldn't have known  
them. "I shall love you always, so  
much, so very much, and I'll go  
home for Foxy to help. Foxy is my  
brother, and I know we can carry him."

I haven't room to tell you all about it,  
but the poor little girl got her turkey,  
and papa's bill.

"What's this," said he, "another  
turkey, 18 pounds, \$3.60?"  
"That's all right," said the little girl  
who had the muff. "I bought him and  
gave him to a poor little girl who never  
ate one, and the money is in my iron  
bank."

The bank was opened, and there were  
just four big pennies in it. — *New York  
Weekly Tribune*.

### ORDINATION HYMN.

BY REV. A. JUDSON RICH.

Eternal Father, in whose life,  
And by whose power and love we live,  
Whose inspiration quickeneth all,  
Thy Spirit to Thy servant give.

Give him, with freedom, truth and love,  
The earnest heart, the active hand,  
The soul to feel for others' woes,  
The will to do Thy best command.

May pastor, people, here to-day,  
New vows of consecration make,  
New life receive, new work begin,  
New courage in Thy service take.

May Christ's sweet life their pattern be,  
His truth and loving deeds inspire,  
Sin to rebuke, the soul to free,  
And touch it with a living fire;

His wealth of love and tenderness  
Be peace within each bosom life,  
And light to lead all hearts to know  
The wisdom of the perfect life.  
Hyde Park, Mass.

### HINTS TO MINISTERS.

I had resolved, on coming to Edin-  
burgh, to give my evenings to the min-  
istry; to spend them, not as many min-  
isters did, in the study, but in the parlor,  
among the children.

The sad fate of many city ministers'  
families warned me to beware of their  
practice. Spending the whole day in  
the service of the public, they retired to  
spend the evening within their studies,  
away from their children, whose ill-  
habits and ill-doing in their future ca-  
reer showed how they had been sacrific-  
ed on the altar of public duty. This  
I thought no father was warranted in  
doing.

Thus the only time left me for prepa-  
ration for the pulpit, composing my  
sermons and so thoroughly committing  
them that they rose without an effort to  
my memory—and therefore appeared  
as if born on the spur and the stimulus  
of the moment—was found in the  
morning. For some years after coming  
to Edinburgh, I rose, summer and win-  
ter, at five o'clock. At six got through  
my dressing and private devotions and  
kudied my fires, prepared and enjoyed  
a cup of coffee, and was seated at my  
desk, having till nine o'clock, when we  
breakfasted, three unbroken hours be-  
fore me. This being my daily practice,  
gave me eighteen hours in each week,  
and instead of Friday and Saturday,  
the whole six days, to ruminate and dis-  
gest, and do the rest with justice in my  
power to my sermon. A practice like  
this I would recommend to all min-  
isters, whether in town or country. It  
secures ample time for preparation,  
brings a man fresh each day to his al-  
lotted portion of work, keeps his ser-  
mon simmering in his mind all the week  
through, till the subject takes entire  
possession of him, and, as the conse-  
quence, he comes on Sabbath to his pul-  
pit to preach with fulness, freshness,  
and power. — *Dr. Guthrie*.

### THE FOLLY OF FEAR.

A great deal of talent is lost in the  
world for the want of a little courage.  
Every day sends to their graves a num-  
ber of obscure men, who have only re-  
mained in obscurity because their timidity  
has prevented them from making a  
first effort; and who, if they could have  
been induced to begin, would in all  
probability have gone great lengths in  
the career of fame. The fact is, that to  
do anything in this world worth doing,  
we must not stand back shivering and  
thinking of the cold and danger, but  
jump in and scranble through as well as  
we can. It will not do to perpetually  
calculating risks and adjusting nice  
chances. It did very well before the  
flood, when a man could consult his  
friends upon an intended publication for  
a hundred and fifty years, and then live  
to see its success afterwards. But at  
present a man waits, and doubts, and  
consults his brother, and his particular  
friends, till one fine day he finds he is  
sixty years of age; that he has lost so  
much time in consulting his first cousins  
and particular friends that he has no  
more time to follow their advice. — *Syd-  
ney Smith*.



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